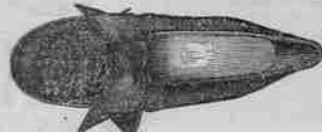


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The largest line of
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Novelties in Low
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Special inducements

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Carefully

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ALL THE RAGE.

English Walking Shoes.

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A Full Line of MISSES', CHILDREN'S and INFANTS

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Of Williams & Hoyt's make, in Goat, American and French Kid, Sandals, Ties, etc.

.....Also AN ENDLESS Variety of.....

Ladies', Grain, Goat, American and French Kid, High and Low Cut Shoes, Kid and Satin Slippers, at Sacrificing Prices, as I am closing out this entire line of Ladies', Misses and Children's Shoes.

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AT LESS PRICES THAN EVER.

Which will astonish the natives.

LATEST STYLES IN HATS,

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Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes

Of All Grades, at

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Now come SIMON BROS., the popular Milliners of Salt Lake City, who beg to announce to the Ladies of Salt Lake City and the Territory at large, that they will for the next

THIRTY DAYS

Offer their Entire Stock at Greatly Reduced Figures.

Trimmed and untrimmed hats for all; Ladies, misses, children small. The ladies we invite to call To help us clear our stock for fall,

And if you come we will convince you that you have not turned the corner of Jennings' building in vain, by giving you bargains which will induce you to come again when we open our immense Fall Stock. This is no advertising dodge. We mean what we say. All other goods, such as Ladies', Misses and Children's Underwear, White Goods, Hosiery, Lace Goods, Corsets, Handkerchiefs, Valises, Satchels, etc., etc., will be sold at equally low figures.

SIMON BROS.,

Jennings' Building, 21W First South street, Salt Lake City, Utah. P.S.—Orders by Mail, as usual, receive our Personal and most Careful Attention.

TIME'S CHANGES.

What the Author of the Bad Boy Thinks of the Man with 180 Pairs of Pants.

The Washington Capital, speaking of the President's visit to West Point, says:

"Mr. Arthur expected to leave New York for West Point early in the day on Friday, but he delayed his departure in order to visit his dentist in the afternoon. The result was that General Sheridan, General Merritt and the Military Academy band were kept waiting for him at the wharf at West Point until after midnight."

What a change a few years has made in Mr. Arthur. Previous to his elevation to the Presidency, Sheridan and the rest of the army officers, including the Military Academy band, would have seen him in the Five Points before they would have remained on a wharf till midnight waiting for him to show up. They would have gone to bed and let the driver come when he got ready, and walk up to the Academy without any band. Then he was only a ward politician, and walking was good enough for him, and he could keep step to any kind of music. Then, if he had a toothache he would have put some cotton in it, soaked in whisky, and gone to meet his engagements, and to the toothache, and the fellows would have joked him about it, and he would have smiled a sickly smile, and perhaps sworn a little. Now he is the same man, only promoted to a higher office, and the greatest soldier of the world and the most eloquent statesman wait his bidding as though he were a little tin god on wheels, and his toothache is an excuse for delaying trains, blocking the railroad and steamboat systems of a continent, and causing Phil Sheridan to stand on a wharf on the Hudson river till midnight, with his martial cloak around him, not even daring to swear at the deliberate Washington dentist who was monkeying with the great man's teeth. What a great country this is, that can transform a common man from a dependent to the world's greatest citizen, an uncrowned king, at whose feet other great men sit and worship. But a year from now all will be changed, and the man who now causes a nation to hold its breath and walk gawg planks because his tooth aches, will see him go into retirement, to keep house, perchance, and if he does not get to a place appointed at the time appointed, the procession will move without him, and nobody will know that he did not show up, as long as the other man, who is to take his place, gets there. Power is a great thing if one could keep it at all times, but to be a powerful to-day, holding millions in one's hand, with millions of people hanging on the words uttered and watching every move, and to be deposed to-morrow, and go back into the ranks, and not have a dozen of the former worshippers care a continental whether one's hens lay plenty of eggs or go farrow, not care whether the once powerful man has enough to eat in the house, must be "tuff," as the boys say. Arthur, it is feared, does not appreciate the change that is coming over him. Now railroads are only too anxious to provide him with special cars and trains, and side track all other trains that he may go over the country quickly and in safety, and the best cooks and caterers in the world vie with each other to provide him with toothsome dishes. After the 4th of March next he will be in luck if he can secure a minister's half fare commutation ticket and ride on a freight train, and the caterer of a free lunch counter will be good enough for him. Now, the choicest wines of the world are imported for his cellar, and he bathes in champagne that is too costly for millionaires, almost. Next year the native lager beer or the noisy and airy pop will fill the aching void in his human wine cellar, and he will then sigh for the champagne that this year runs to waste in the sewer connected with the bath room. Now, office-holders that he had created, and office-seekers that desire to be created office holders, fawn at his feet and almost make him believe he is the greatest man of all the earth. Next year they will know him only as a last year's birds' nest, and they will be trying to play the same game on a new man, who will have other friends to fawn around him. Verily the position of a temporarily powerful man is not a happy one, and it is no wonder that those who survive their term of sentence to the Presidency consider themselves fools for having ever taken so thankless an office, to puff them up for a few years like a blown-up bladder, and then pick a hole in it and let the wind out right before folks. And yet lots of men want to be President, notwithstanding.

A Debtor's Sermon.

James Fennell, one of the earliest of American tragedians, who died in 1816, was constantly getting in debt. He started at New London some salt works, which failed in 1810. When, after this, he came to see me at Boston, I asked him how he had contrived to pacify his creditors at New London, he related to me that on the Sabbath before he quitted the salt works—as they were getting clamorous for their money—he invited them all to assemble there to hear him deliver a discourse, promising that the doctrine therein set forth would be very much to their satisfaction as well

as his own. The congregation, though consisting merely of his creditors, proved to be a very large one. He met them at the appointed time, and taking up his station at a point conspicuous to all, he gave forth the text which he was about to expound: "Have patience and I will pay you all." This he divided into two heads—first, and most importantly—the virtue of patience; lastly and referentially—the act of paying. On this no doubt, his auditors formed two conclusions: first, that to display the virtue of patience might be the best religion, but, secondly, that the act of paying was most applicable to trade, and considering themselves primarily men of business they would regard the latter point (with all due deference to Fennell's opinion) as direct instead of referential, and by far the more important of the two. However, he proceeded with his exposition, and placing patience at the head of the cardinal virtues, and giving it the pre-eminence over every quality which can adorn a man's character, every feeling which can animate his bosom; after eulogizing and apostrophizing, commending and recommending it with all the glowing words and most beautiful images his florid fancy and learned brain could suggest (though from the uneasy manner in which his auditors all listened, the doctrine was evidently doing very little for their conversion), he at length came to the second and far more attractive division of the text, "I will pay you all." Pronouncing these words with much emphasis, he looked them all in the face for a few moments in silence, then deliberately added, "but not being prepared to treat upon this point at present, I must defer the opportunity till it shall please Providence and the Boston managers to afford me another—" saying which he turned upon his heel and hurried from the spot.

How Beecher's Money Goes.

Mr. Beecher has directed his manager, Mr. Pond, to book an extensive lecturing tour for next year. Mr. Beecher's salary is \$20,000 per annum. He manages to receive double this sum from his lectures and a large additional sum from his pen. He keeps open house (with his son, with whom he resides), and gives loans, indulges and does other unbusiness-like things constantly at a heavy cost to his treasury. It is said that beyond his farm at Peekskill, the great house and stock thereon, and his library and bric-a-brac there and at Brooklyn, the great word-painter has nothing to show for his large income for each of very many years. His library is so large that it is now being catalogued with a view to soon making a sale thereof. He has expended, it is estimated, \$130,000 in books and as many more have been given him by publishers. His house at Peekskill, built not long since, Mr. Beecher says, has cost him \$40,000. Others who watch business matters closer and are familiar with its growth, say that \$70,000 would be nearer the correct sum. His cows are all Alderneys, and the herd is believed to be worth from \$15,000 to \$18,000. His farm and its manner of running and hospitality is enough in itself to absorb a large income. It is yet somewhat unnumbered. His collection of bric-a-brac would make a large and valuable museum. Fine prints, bronze, painting, statuary—anything beautiful in shape or color—find a worshiper in Mr. Beecher, and it is said that he cannot go through the streets of New York or Brooklyn without becoming a purchaser as heroically as he may labor to resist and avert his eyes from the tempting show windows.—[Ithaca Journal.]

TIRED OUT.

The distressing feeling of weariness, of exhaustion without effort, which makes life a burden to so many people, is due to the fact that the blood is poor, and the vitality consequently feeble. If you are suffering from such feelings,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is just what you need, and will do you incalculable good.

No other preparation so concentrates and combines blood-purifying, vitalizing, enriching, and invigorating qualities as AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Orville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1882. "Having been subject to a bronchial affection, with frequent colds, for a number of years, I hereby certify that AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL gives me prompt relief, and is the most effective remedy I have ever tried."

JAMES A. HAMILTON.

Editor of The Crescent.

COUGHS.

"St. Cloud, Ohio, June 26, 1882. "I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL this spring for a severe cough and lung trouble with good effect, and I am pleased to recommend it to any one similarly affected."

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For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 10c. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

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Conducted by Qualified Physicians and Surgeons—
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"THE OLDEST SPECIALISTS in the United States."
We have 120 years' experience, perfect method and
pure medicine, insure a rapid and permanent cure of
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the Bladder, Nails, Kidneys, Bladder, Erysipelas,
Ulcers, Old Sores, Swelling of the Glans, Scars,
Rashes, Throat, Bone Pains, permanently cured and
restoration from the system for life.
NERVOUS Debility, Impotency, Seminal Losses, Sexual Decay,
Weak Eyes, Stunted Development, Impediments to Marriage, etc.,
from excesses or youthful follies or any cause, speedily, safely and
permanently cured.
Young Men, Aged and Old men, and all who need medi-
cal skill and experience, consult the old European Physician
at once. His opinion costs nothing, and may save future misery and
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can be sent every where by express free from observation. It
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Those who call see no one but the Doctor. Consultations free
and perfectly confidential. Cases which have failed in ob-
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At LOWER PRICES than ever before offered, which embrace the following
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ROXBURY TAPESTRIES. WARTFORD THREE-PLY
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In addition to the above goods I have an immense line of all other grades of
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In New and Desirable Styles and Colorings. Handsome Patterns in

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Have just received an elegant assortment of
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Also,
A carefully selected assortment of Laces,
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